Aue Cæſar.
God ſaue the King.

The ioyfull Ecchoes of loyall Engliſh hartes,
entertayning his Maieſties late
arriuall in England.

With an Epitaph vpon the death of her
Maieſtie our late Queene.

Our weeping eyes do bath Elizaes *Tombe,*
Our louing hartes yeelde Iames *her Princely roome.*

LONDON,
Printed for W. F. and G. L. and are to be ſold
in Popes-hed. Alley neare the Exchange.
1603.

Aue Cæsar.

EVen as the Sunne from fourth a watry clowd,
That late wethy had drownd the world with rine:
Breakes with his brightnes through that table throwd
Drying the moysture from earth's face againe,
Reuiuing that by his kind Influence,
Which had decay'd by Waters violence,

So Vertues Sunne, great Monarch of these Iles,
Thy splendant rayes haue wrought the like effect;
Our teares thou hast conuerted into smiles,
To greater loues then ere we could expect:
The wit o' man, mans weake vnable wit,
Admires the power of Heauen in working it.

That hand which came vnto vs with a rod,
And tooke away our peace-preseruing Queene:
That Scepter-giuer, Crowne-disposing God:
In doubt, and dread, his mercie plac'd betweene:
And where our sinnes for vengaunce, vengaunce cri'd
Compassion lay'd the sword of Wrath aside.

AVE CÆSAR.

As *Esaw* wish'd for *Isaacks* dying day,
And sayd, the dayes of sorrowing are at hand,
My Father dead, I will my Brother slay:
So did the bloody *Esawes* of this land,
Whose plots to more then wishes did extende,
For many wayes they did attempt her ende.

But neuer could the Deuill by his perswasion,
Effect his purpose to her ouerthrow:
Not Poyson, Dagger, Pistoll, nor inuasion,
Could make dayes short, where heauen would yeeres bestow.
He that of life doth number euery hower,
Will put lifes lymits in no humane power.

Death came vnto her hauing Gods Commission,
That she to heauen her progresse must commence:
For to this world she came vpon condition,
To leaue the same when God did call from hence.
Her Kingdome heere, was varying by succession,
But that's a Kingdome endlesse in possession.

It

GOD SAVE THE KING.

It were ingratefull to forget the peace,
The plentie, and the great prosperitie:
The manifold great blesſings and encreaſe,
In foure and fourtie yeeres felicitie,
Vnder the Scepter of our gratious Princeſſe,
Our peace-preſeruing, world admired Empreſſe.

If *Dauid* mourned for the death of *Saul*,
And did the people therevnto prepare?
Haue not we cauſe to become mourners all
For her, with whom King *Saul* was no compare;
Although ſome vertues in him might be found,
They were ſmall Starres; her Sun-ſhine did abound.

In Scarlet he did *Iſraels* Daughters cloth,
And ornaments of Gold vnto them gaue:
But thee adorned ſoule and body both,
With richeſt clothing that a Realme can haue.
There is a Garment hath a Wedding name,
Moſt happy gueſt that can put on the ſame.

That glorious habit hath her ſoule put on,
And in the Court of Heau'n is reſident:
Where all ſing prayſe to him ſits on the throne,
The King of Kings, and God omnipotent
There reſt faire Soule; thy Body heere abide,
Thy fame flie through the world both farre and wide.

An Epitaph on the death of her moſt Royall *Maieſtie, our late Queene.*

SAcred Celeſtiall Deities Diuine,
Mortall's that do proceed of humane line,
All you that know what griefes and ſorrowes bee,
Come and teare-waſh an Empriſe Tombe with mee.
Melpomene *thou tragike doleſull* Muſe,
Put on ſome blacke, which thou did'ſt neuer vſe,
And in the ſaddeſt Sable can be had;
Let all thy Siſters in the like be clad:
Their liquid Pearles in plentie we muſt borrow,
Becauſe it is no common vſuall ſorrow.

The

GOD SAVE THE KING.

The Phenix *of the World to Heauen is flowne,*
And of her Aſhes there remeyneth none:
The Pellican *that did her young-ones good,*
Hath yeelded all her vitall ſtreames of blood.
Cynthia *that gaue the World a glorious ſhine,*
Shall neuer more be ſeene with mortall eyen:
The fayreſt Roſe, the ſweeteſt Princely Flower,
Lyes withered now by Death's cold nipping power.
You ſpirits of the higheſt Element,
You heauenly ſparkes of wit, with one conſent
Conioyne, and from the treaſurie of Artes,
Giue honour to the Queene *of good-deſartes:*
The reuerent Lady, Nurſe of all our Land,
That ſway'd a Sword like Iudeth's, *in her hand.*
The Debora *that iudged* Iſraell:
Whoſe bleſſed actions God did proſper well:
She that did neuer purpoſe wrong to any,
Though iniuries to her, were done by many.
She that no longer rule on earth did craue,
Then beſt, and moſt deſired, ſhe might haue.
She that with Mercyes *winges adorn'd her Throne,*
And yet with Iuſtice *ballance ſate thereon.*
Report her Prayſe to all haue eares to heare it,

A iij. *Sound*

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Sound out her Fame as farre as Fame can beare it.
Let from the Earth, her fame to Heauen sounde,
Let from the Heauen, her fame to Earth rebounde:
Let through the Ocean waues pronounce thee fame,
And whirling winds be agentes of her Fame:
Let Heauen, Aire, the Ocean, and the Earth,
With Ecchoes sound blessed Elizabeth.
Yea let the very Stones where shee shall lie,
Tell ages following, this of ours gone by:
Within our marble armes we do enclose
The virgin Queene, *the White and Red-crown'd* Rose,
That rul'd this Realme so happy, fourtie fowre,
As neuer Prince did raigne the like before.
From Men, with Saintes shee liues in high esteeme,
Seated in blisse, which best doth her esteeme.

S. R.

Stay

GOD SAVE THE KING.

STay Sorrowes there about *Elizaes* Tombe,
From whence, with hopefull hartes we now retire:
Let Griefe yeeld place and giue our Ioyes ſome rome
To entertaine the King of our deſire,
IAMES firſt of *England*, and of *Scotland* ſixt,
He hath our mourninges with all comforts mixt.

Our honorable true Nobilitie,
Moſt high renowmed Worthies of the Land,
Haue ſhew'd their loyall true fidelitie,
Conioyn'd by God, aſwell in hart as hand:
Theſe are carefull proppes and pillers of our Nation.
Haue giuen *Cæſar* right, by Proclamation.

And who is he that doth not giue conſent,
With hart-pronounced ſound, *God ſaue the King*:
Vnleſſe it be ſome Villian malecontent,
That miſchiefe to his Country ſeekes to bring:
He that repineth at the Lordes Annoynted,
Like to a Traytor let him be disioynted.

AVE CÆSAR.

Neuer did King set foote on *English* ground,
With more applaw'd then our renowmed *Iames:*
For as great ioyes within our hartes abound,
As euer were contay'd in all his Realmes:
Our loues to him the eyes of heau'n doth see,
Sound, as the subiectes should to Soueraigne bee.

Not great King *Henrie*, second of that name,
When with his royall Nauie he did sayle,
The rude and barb'rous *Irishmen* to tame,
Where most victoriously he did preuayle,
Subduing them vnder his Scepters length,
By honourable valour, Martiall strength.

Nor his sonne *Richard*, *Lyon*-harted King,
That deedes of Armes in other landes pursew'd
Could cause more ioy from peoples hartes to spring,
When they return'd from Countries they subdew'd:
In entertayning them to *Englands* shore,
Where tonges did shew what harts the subiects bore.

Nor

Nor yet ſith *Henry's* comming out of Fraunce,
From thoſe high deedes that there he vndertooke:
Nor's Father, whom deſartes did ſo aduaunce,
The peoples deare beloued *Bullenbrooke*,
Could haue more loue ready prepard to meete them,
Or more affection, preſsing foorth to greete them.

Their welcomes were from warres they had in hand,
Which loſſe of blood, and valour caul'd to ceaſe:
Thy welcomes are from out a quiet Land,
Inlarging vs a wondrous league of peace.
O welcome Prince of Peace and quietneſſe:
The God of Peace thee and thine iſſue bleſſe.

Moſt ſacred *Tyme*, that with the World began,
And art ordayn'd Gods ſpeciall Inſtrument,
To deale in all affayres concerning Man,
Numb'ring each minute that on earth is ſpent:
Thou that makſt expedition with the winde,
To fly, and run, with Eagle, and with Hinde.

AVE CÆSAR.

Lay downe thy Sickle thou haſt in thy hand,
Becauſe thou muſt performe a nimble place:
Turne quicke about thine Hower-glaſſe of ſand,
Run for thy life to entertaine his Grace:
Make ſpeed good *Time* in this, to do vs pleaſure,
For all the Realme doth waite vpon thy leaſure.

Linger not by the way, to harken newes,
But let thy charge be rightly vnderſtood:
Flying reportes, let fooles and Ideots vſe,
Tale-carriers thou doeſt know were neuer good:
If any ſuch thou chaunce to ouer-take,
A baſe account of them thou art to make.

I know thou know'ſt how to ſalute our Prince,
That haſt bin guide of Kings into their Throne:
That office thou haſt well performd long ſince,
Vnto all Gods elected holy-ones:
The chiefeſt thing we haue in expectation,
Is, that thou hie hum to his Coronation.

Our

Our Nobles all, to their immortall fame,
(Deſeruing Peeres, of Honours beſt deſartes)
Are dutifull prepared for the ſame,
With firme conſent of all true Engliſh hartes,
Who from their ſoules vnfaignedly do pray,
That euen this preſent, were crownation day.

The Cittie with the loyall Magiſtrate,
The Maior, the Shriefes, the Aldermen, the reſt,
Haue faythfull welcomes to him conſecrate,
And all endeuour: loue may be expreſt.
Yet can no triumph nor externall ſhow,
Deſcribe aright the inward loue they owe.

For often loue abounding in the minde,
From center of the hart, which doth containe it,
Cannot ſo abſolute a paſſage finde,
As in an outward fulneſſe may explane it:
Loues treaſurie hath very ſeldome bin
As ſoone layde out, as it is gath'red in.

AVE CÆSAR.

Descend you *Muses* from *Parnassus* hill:
Bring Art in librall handes, and now bestow it:
Let euery one present a flowing Quill,
In honour of our famous Kingly *Poet*:
And as the chearefull Larke doth mounting sing,
So eleuate the honour of the King.

Ioue adde a length of yeeres vnto his dayes,
That long in peace, by vs he be enioy'd.
Apollo tune thy Musicke to his prayse,
To better vse it cannot be imployd.
Sound *Triton* through the Seas vast kingdame, sound
That *Englands King* is comming to be Groun'd.

Ver, strow the Ground with thy delightfull greene,
For in thy season doth our Monarch come:
Be all the Fieldes in Sommers huerie seene:
Attire the Trees, and let the Plants haue some:
Be bount full and forward gent'le Spring,
Thou canst not welcome a more worthy King.

Aboue

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Aboue all Trees, be kindeſt to the *Roſe*,
For tis a Flower of a princely price:
There is a *White* and *Red* togither growes,
I thinke the Plant came (firſt) from *Paradice*:
Let it be watred with ſome heau'nly ſhower,
For (on my life) it beares a bleſſed flower.

Bleſt chiefly in the graft *Earle Richmond* made,
For till his time, thoſe Roſes were at ſtrife,
Hee in a happie hower all quarrels ſtay'd,
Takeing fourth *Edwards* daughter to his wife:
So did the Houſes both in one vnite,
Mixing the kingly *Red*, with princely *White*.

A glorious Arbour from this roote hath ſprong,
Of ſweeteſt Roſes, crown'd with Diadames:
From Prince to Prince, the branch hath run along,
And now the noble Flower is cald *King Iames*.
Lord we intreat thee for our Countries good,
Graunt that his ſtocke may neuer want a bud.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Let Angels pitch their Tentes about his Throne:
Be thou his ſtrength, his truſt, his God, his guide:
Graunt that his dayes may be like *Salomon*,
A mirrour vnto all the world beſide,
That theſe which heare his fame farre of to ring,
Like Sabaes Queene, *may all admire our* King.

FINIS.

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE

HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION